A HYMN TO MONEY.

A Poem.

A

HYMN

TO

HARMONY.

A Poem.

A HYMN TO MONEY.

A SATYR.

LONDON:
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15. Decemb.

A

HISTORY

OF

MOSCOVY

TO THE

Prodigiously Rich, (or according to Modern Acceptation) the Wiſe, Noble and Vertuous, Sir Gripe-Man Cloſe-Fiſt, *Treaſurer to the Mighty and Renowned Prince,* MAMMON, *Sovereign of the Univerſe.*

SIR,

BEING ſenſible of that wonderful Vertue you are poſſeſs'd of, I mean *MONEY*; which is the Admiration of all Men, the Grand Elixir of the World, and an Equivalent to Birth, Breeding and Wiſdom, Beauty and good Nature, and all Things elſe that are deſirable; being that Qualification that ſaints ſome, who without it, would be thought fit for nothing, but an *Antipendium* to the Triple Tree; and exalts others to Magiſterial Purple, who, without it would be fit to commence

Fellows of *Gotham* College; being THAT, the whole Fraternity of Scribblers in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and Parts adjacent, as well as elsewhere, have consecrated and vow'd all their Labours to, whatever they pretend; I say, *SIR*, being possessed of this Incomparable Vertue, I have committed these following Lines to your Patronage, and subscribe my self an Humble Admirer of your Worship's Vertue.

Anonymus.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

Reader,

Whether Gentle or Simple:

PARTLY to please the Printer, and partly that I might not disappoint others, who think a Book without a Preface, *to be like a Face without a Nose, Imperfect; I have prefix'd this.*

I shall not make any Apology for Printing; nor do I matter whether you are pleas'd with it, or not: I am no Prating-Court-Parasite, that carry two Tongues in my Head, to please every Body, and serve no Body; but 'tis, to be plain with you, to serve and please my self.

If

The PREFACE.

If I meet with Reflections from any, as I did not expect, so I do not value them; but shall reply to such splenetick Authors in the Words of our common English *Proverb,* They may e'en turn the Buckle of their Girdle behind them, *and be pleas'd again: Or if their Temper be so morose, that they can't take a Jest; for once to be seriously jocose, I shall send them to School to the Incomparable* Cato;

Contra verbosos noli contendere Verbis;
Sermo datur cunctis, Animi Sapientia paucis.

If you wonder why the Verses *are lame, you must know, that they sympathize with the Author, who hath been so long beating the Hoof in Quest of* Money, *that he hath worn the Skin off of his Ten-toes, and no Wonder if the Fancy limp, when the Body is uneasy.*

But not to detain you longer in the Porch, you may enter the House, the Door is open, and paying your Money, *you are*

Very Welcome, *Gentlemen.*

A HYMN TO MONEY.

WHERE is't thou Darling of the World,
hou Great *DIANA*, whom all Men adore,
hat thou doſt hide thy ſelf? Where haſt thou been?
That thou art hardly ever ſeen:
In what dark Corner hurl'd?
hat ſhall we never, never, ſee Thee more?

Return, Return, thou charming Nymph again,
Down from the Quality.
Unto the humble Swain:
Yea, even the very Glories of the Crown
Do humbly unto Thee bow down,
And was it not for Thee
Would quite neglected be:
All Homage unto Thee do pay,
For Thee they ſtrive, for Thee they pray,
And of thy Abſence bitterly complain.

For Thee, the Ladies of Delight
Do amble round the Streets by Night,
And unashamed often do
In *Bridewell* suffer for it too:
Even from the plain Stuff-Gown,
To Whores of Quality and high Renown
They are thy humble Slaves:
Nor can the dreadful Fire
By which they oftentimes expire
Tumbling half-rotten to their Grave
Nor yet the Surgeon's powd'ring Tub,
Where their old Sores they scrub,
Fright them from their Allegiance; till they be
Devoted Slaves, and Subjects unto thee.

For Thee the Bullies of the Town
Go Hect'ring up and down,
And for some damn'd, confounded, nasty Whore
That would be lech'rous, tho' she was Four-score
Who will be never satisfy'd,
Tho' with the fulsom Pleasure cloy'd:
This Shadow of a Man
Must huff and bounce, and curse and swear
And draw his Sword; but never fear,
The utmost that he can,
Is but to hector, for he never fights,
His Mistress wants his Service for the Nights.

Law-Po

Law-Politicians too for Thee
Oft-times in Troubles, and in Dangers be;
For Thee some wed the Pillory,
Knights of the Post, that swear
For Half-a-Crown, and tho' they lose an Ear,
If well paid for their Forgery,
They value not the Infamy:
But 'tis a damn'd hard Case, when they
The ravish'd Gold are forced to repay.

For Thee at the Cart's Tail
Some do the Punishment bewail:
Others the ignominious Scar do wear:
And the bold Hero's of the Road
Fetters and Chains do often load,
As well as lesser Thieves; these without Fear
Dare any thing attempt; and are for Thee,
Oft ignominious Martyrs at the Triple Tree.

For Thee the Soldiers fight,
And with Heroick Grace,
Do often Death and Dangers too outface;
For Thee they march all Day, for Thee all Night
They under Arms in Fields do lye;
For Thee they Wounds and Scars
Bring back from bloody Wars:
For Thee they oft are Cripples made,
For Thee they often unafraid
Venture their Lives, and often for thee dye.

For

For Thee the w[illegible]ng Ploughman too,
A World of Pains and Labour doth go thro':
And Servants chearfully
Perform their nasty Drudgery:
What indefatigable Pains
Are taken by the Country Swains?
What Hazards do they run,
Small Favours from the charming Nymph to gain?
And sometimes are by the Pursuit undone;
Whilst Poverty they strive in vain to shun.

For Thee some break their Rest,
Coy Nymph, thy Favours to obtain:
And often too it proves in vain;
They're still with Care and Poverty oppress:
Small Crumbs, that only do protract their Grief,
Are all the small Relief
Thou giv'st: Or if they with excessive Pains
At last Possession of Thee gain,
Thou sewest up their Hearts,
Contract'st their narrowed Souls, and dost disdain
The sordid Wretches: Nor wilt thou impart
Thy Joys to these, Thou art their Plague and Smart.

Tradesmen their serious Thoughts employ,
How to obtain thy Favour, and enjoy
Thy Charming Company;
And little Artifices use,
Whereby the Buyer they amuse,
Dissemble, or the Truth deny,

Besides

Beſides ten thouſand other ways,
And all that they may be
Wedded at laſt to Thee,
And by thy Means themſelves to Honour raiſe,
Nor do they care what Guilt they do incur,
If Knights at laſt they may but ſleep in Fur.

For Thee the Vintners too,
Unto a drunken fottiſh Crew
Submit, and creep and cringe, and ſtrive to pleaſe:
Forfeit their Reſt, and baulk their Eaſe:
Nay, to oblige the *Bacchanalian* Swine,
Drink their own poyſon'd Wine;
Thus Health to Thee is made a Sacrifice,
Yea even Life it ſelf,
And all to get a little Pelf.
Like theſe, the younger Sons of Vice,
The Tap-laſh-Monger, and the Brandy-ſoul
In the ſame Mire, to win thy Favours coul.

To Thee the Factors for our Health,
Thou mighty Goddeſs of the World, call'd Wealth,
Do humbly Homage pay,
And proſtitute their Skill,
And either cure or kill;
The Sick their peremptory Laws obey.
Happy in this, the Grave their Shame
Doth hide, and Men aloud proclaim
The Cures they do: But was it not for Thee,
For them, Diſtempers might all Mortal be.

For thee the glib-tongued Lawyers plead and write,
Whose Tongues are ever ripe with Right;
'Bout which they make such mighty pother,
And Men at Variance let with one another:
That Cause is good they ever hold,
That's wrapt in Showers of Gold:
Oh! How they'll sweat and plead,
And all to bring thee to their Arms,
Won by thy powerful Charms,
Ruine the living, and disturb the dead:
And in a Title or a Will,
For thee; tho' made with utmost Skill
Can either find, or make an Hole in't still.

With Might and Main the spiritual Gown-Men too
The coy long-courted Nymph pursue:
For thee they early Mattins say,
For thee they preach, for thee they pray:
Oh! How they'll plead, and oft in vain,
(The major Part will ne're get more,
Damn'd to the Curse of being poor:)
Some further Favours from thee to obtain:
Nay, some do think, that was it not for thee,
CHRIST might for them his own Apostle be:
Thus the Three Functions of the Gown
Do humbly unto Thee bow down.

For thee some plough the raging Seas,
Venture their Lives, and shipwrack all their Ease;
To Utmost Climates run,
Even from the Rising to the Setting Sun.

From

From ſcorching South, to where the Northern Cold
Doth an eternal Winter hold:
Hardſhips unknown go through,
Expos'd to Winds and Waves;
Do often find a watry Grave:
Great Hazards too the Merchants run,
And often by it are undone;
And often after all this great ado,
The ſullen Nymph ſhort home,
Unto their great Vexation, oft doth come.

See how the ſupple Gentry bow
See how they creep and cringe, and how
They humble Adoration to Thee pay:
And thoſe moſt ſupple are,
That in thy Favours largeſt ſhare:
For Landlords ever dream of Quarter-Day,
In Hopes of Thee to be poſſeſs'd:
Even Lordly Peers and Stateſmen too
The Charming Nymph purſue;
Without Thee all Men are diſtreſs'd.
Thou art the great Supportreſs of the Crown:
Titles and Greatneſs ſoon would tumble down,
If not upheld by Thee; and quickly all
Would to their firſt forgotten Level fall.

Since all Men Thee do thus admire,
Whither, oh whither, doſt thou hence retire?
Both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both old and young do Thee adore:

All

All sorts of Men do humbly to Thee bow,
And thy Supremacy allow.
To Thee they sacrifice
All that the former Ages did
Call good; and as what they forbid:
From whence then doth thine Anger rise?
Where wilt thou more obsequious Servants find?
Or who are more to Thee resign'd?
That thus their Prayers and Vows thou dost despise?
Why is it then, that thou dost shun
Thus our Embraces, and dost run
We know not whither, from our longing Eyes?

England so much Thee, Charming Nymph, doth prize,
Thou all Things there dost equalize;
For those, who to the Pillory,
Nay even to the Triple-Tree,
In Justice marryed should be;
For their transcendent Villany;
If in thy Favour, they all honest are,
And if some slender Charity they spare,
From Goal some needy Debtors free:
Or to some Church but Benefactors be,
They then are Saints: and loud Huzza's,
On every Side, must eccho forth their Praise.

MONEY doth the Defects supply
Of Breeding and Gentility:
Blockheads and Fools too are call'd wise,
If they but unto Wealth arise;

If but a-kin to Thee,
Ill-natur'd tho' they be,
As ſowre as a Crab;
Although a Sloven, or a Drab:
Deform'd and crooked too:
As drunken as *Silenus*, and as chaſte
As common Strumpets are below the Waſte:
Honeſt as arrant Thieves:
True in their Words as Knights o'th' Poſt:
If they but Wealth can boaſt:
What e're the ſqueamiſh Fool believes,
theſe Defects there's nothing to be found,
they with all Perfections do abound.

ince then we thus do Thee adore,
Nymph, why doſt thou leave *Britannia*'s Shoar?
Is it becauſe a Crew,
(Alas they're very few)
Of ſordid Hounds inceſtuouſly do lye
With their own Bags, ingendring Uſe thereby:
A ſpurious Brood? Or if it be,
Becauſe ſome under Lock and Key,
Thee uſeleſs as a Priſoner do confine:
Or if it is, for thoſe indeed are more,
Becauſe ſome prodigally waſte their Store:
Yet theſe all offer at thy Shrine;
y doſt Thou, ſince but partial is th' Offence,
ſake us all, and mak'ſt no Difference?

air Nymph, how many do Thee wooe,
That well know how to uſe Thee too?
Yet thou from them doſt run,
And coyly their Embraces ſhun:

But laviſh of thy Favours unto ſuch,
Who do not know
To uſe the Wealth Thou doſt beſtow,
For whom the ſmalleſt Favour is too much;
Theſe thou purſu'ſt, and well they do requite Th
They either do abuſe Thee, or elſe ſlight Thee.

Some did the Whim advance,
That Thou waſt gone to *France*;
And at the firſt the plauſible Romance
Was firmly too believ'd,
Till by Exp ience undeceiv'd:
Two Hundred Thouſand Pair of wooden Shoo
Who for Religion, or for Bread,
The laſt moſt likely, hither fled;
But ne're had any thing to looſe,
Reported they in *France* her Name did hear,
But ne're in Publick could they ſee Her there,
And therefore thence did come to ſeek Her here.

Some thought in *Ireland* Thou hadſt been,
But there they ſay, Thou ne're waſt ſeen,
Since poor King *Jemmy*'s Days;
But *Teague* thought then to've fetch'd Her o'
In Triumph from the *Britiſh* Shoar:
But diſappointed in th' Attempt, e're ſince
Teague has been deſtitute of Pence,
And nothing now their Hopes can raiſe:
For what they had before,
King *Jemmy* carry'd o're to *France*;
And if ſhe e're come back, 'twill be by Chanc
She'

She'll ne're return back to *Hibernia*'s Shoar,
Poor *Teague* muſt never, never ſee Her more:
But *Jemmy*, that to *Teague* he might be kind,
Left in her Room, a Brazen Coin behind,
To bring their Hopes, and former Days to Mind.

Some did ſurmiſe that *Scotland* had Her,
But it appear'd 'twas no ſuch Matter:
The hungry barren Soil,
Doth Money and good Manners thence exile.
A Three-p'nny Planet there doth rule,
Heaven theſe hath doom'd to Indigence,
Becauſe they're always ſawcy to their Prince;
Who looks for Money here, then is a Fool.
At *Darien*, 'twas a brave Deſign,
With Sword in Hand they thought to win Her,
And puſh'd hard for Her; but to Dinner
Each Day to good Duke *Humphry*'s forc'd to come,
The Bonny *Scotch* Lad's Hungry Wemm,
Forc'd him his lovely Conqueſts to reſign:
E're ſince the *Scots* do bitterly complain,
Struggle, and murmure 'gainſt their Fate in vain.

Some thought Thou didſt in *Spain*,
Becauſe Thou there didſt land thy Train,
Make thy Abode; but it doth ſince appear,
Thou never doſt ſtay there,
Spain's but Thy Thorough-Fare,
From whence Thou doſt to other Parts repair:

Some

Some ſay, Thou frollick'ſt with the *Jews* too much,
For whereſoe're they be,
Thou'rt ever in their Company:
But moſt affirm, Thou'rt marry'd to the *Dutch*.

Why is't, Thou Fooliſh Nymph, thou dot'ſt on [thoſe,
Who are to Hon'ſty, or good Manners Foes:
But ſeldom doſt to Men of Wit, or Senſe,
Or of good Manners, ſhow Benevolence.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A

POSTSCRIPT,

By Way of ADVICE.

To the SOT.

IF *Trading's* dead, and *Money* ſcant,
Pill Garlick every Thing may want;
For *Landlady* as ſharp as *Shark* is,
When Pocket at low Water Mark is;
And tells you that ſhe'll truſt no more,
Looking on Chalk behind the Door;
Look'e, ſays ſhe, You drunken Sot,
Pray what a *D---l* have I got,
By ſuch a naſty Cur as you,
And all your Poiſon Rake-Hell Crew;
And yet by Double Chalk before,
No Doubt had more than got that Score:
Your Wife and Children ſtarve you Dog,
Whilſt you ſit ſotting here you Rogue,
Pray where a *D---l* is your Conſcience,
Tho' you have none, Yet I have ſome Sence,

Old Impudence I'll have you know,
I cannot pay the Brewer so.
Then with a Curse he out of Door,
Is turned by the Taplash *Wh--re.*
Now since the Punk doth jilt thee so,
I'll tell thee Freind what thou may'st do;
Thou might'st have known when Cash is gone,
That Freinds would be with Money gone:
And therefore, since so little Wit
Thou did'st make use of, it is fit,
Thou an Example should'st be made
To all the Brethren of the Trade;
And so t'avoid a worse Disaster,
Thou may'st e'en hang thee with thy Garter.
Or, if so be thy Stomach fail,
For Courage is perhaps but small,
Loath to put Head into the Noose,
One of these following Blessings chuse,
Or beg, or starve which you like best,
In aged Rags and Tatters drest,
Or else in stinking Jayl must lye,
'Till freed by *D----b*'s Charity;
A Soldier else advanc'd to be,
By Act of Grace from Prison free;
Or if so be thou lov'st command,
Boldly upon the High Way stand,
Break open Houses, learn to dive,
Some Men by Theft and Sharping thrive,
And at the worst thou'lt have this Hope,
To mount to *Heaven* by the Rope;

nd with the *Glou'ster* Butcher be
hen made a Saint of High Degree,
y th' Chaplain of the Tripple Tree:

To the SCRIBLERS.

OW Brother Scriblers let me tell ye,
Bare Lines will never fill the Belly,
his *Poem* and that *Satyr* too,
s little for the Back will do,
nd often 'tis the Fate of many
Poet, not to have one Penny:
ut like Philosophers of Old,
hro' Pockets Holes you may behold
heir A--se expos'd to the Cold;
ard Hap indeed it is of Wit,
ut so the Fates do think it fit,
nd seldom is't that they dispence
oney to the same Man and Sence;
he Wise upon their Wits may live,
ut Fools by Providence do thrive;
ence 'tis Sir *Neds*, Sir *Toms* do rise:
ew Men are rich and Fewer wise.
ut discontented since you are
Vith the more valuable Share,
'en send an Embassy to *Pluto*,
e is the *God* of *Money* you know
nd beg his *Diabolick* Highness
o tell the Cause of so much Shyness

Why

Why he is ſuch a croſs-grain'd *Devil*
When you are ſo Submiſs and Civil
To pawn your very Souls and Senſe,
To *Hell* and ev'ry Fool for Pence;
Beg Gold's Enlargement, that a Brief
At leaſt He'd grant for Wit's Relief.
But where's the Hardy He that dares
Harangue, You'll ſay his Worſhip's Ears?
Or who doth know the Form aright
Wherein, we ſhould *Credentials* write.
Theſe can by none be better writ,
Than by ſome Scribling Play-Houſe Wit
He knows beſt how to pleaſe below,
Then let ſome Petty-Foggers go
To manage it, next long Vacation,
Their Clients *Heaven*, and their Vexation
But if ſo be this does not pleaſe ye,
I'le tell you what I think, muſt eaſe ye,
Each dull incorrigible He
To *Goatham* Colledge, ſent ſhall be;
But thoſe whoſe Tow'ring Thoughts aſpi
To Worlds as high's the Moon and highe
E'en to their own *Utopia* ſend 'em,
Fortune no Doubt will there befriend 'em
Wit here is out of Faſhion grown,
And Money makes a Man alone;
I durſt upon it lay a Louſe down
Wit without Money's but a Souſe-Crow
Who then would ſcribble that hath Sen
That cannot live on Abſtinence?

Not a Pawn-Broker in the Town;
On Wit will lend you Half a Crown;
Who then would follow that damn'd Trade,
By which he's Fool and Beggar made;
But if so be, Advice is vain,
And still that Plaguy Itch doth reign,
That *Diabetes* of the Brain,
Like Chimney Sweeper's Boy I'm sorry
But without Grief my Brethren for ye,
A Jail or *Bedlam* must the Story
At last conclude of Wits Vain-glory.

To the MISER.

MAke fast the Window shut the Door,
And lock thy Chests, and hug thy Store,
Still cheat thy Back and starve thy Belly,
Money is thy best Freind I'll tell ye;
Never regard the wretched's Sighs
The Widows Tears, nor Orphans Cries,
Never on Law or Justice stand,
Mind not what Conscience doth command:
Be ever despicably poor;
In Plenty want; be plagu'd with Store:
Let all thy Chests with Gold be cram'd
Live and be curst; dy and be damn'd;
For that at last, must be their Portion,
Who unto Gold pay their Devotion:

Wretched whilst here, is their Condition,
And Misers seldom use Contrition;
Do but as *Judas* did of old,
Like him thou hast thy Master sold,
Thy Soul and all that good, for Pelf,
E'en like him too go hang thy-self;
In this the World thou wilt much more
Oblige, than er'e in Life before;
And thy next Heir will joy to see
Thee hang'd out of the Way to be.

To my FRIEND.

TO thee my sober honest *Freind*
This plain Advice I'le recommend:
According to thy Station live,
What ever Providence doth give,
Content, tho' mean be thy Estate,
Thoul't happy be in Spite of Fate:
Don't count thy Happiness by those,
On whom the World its Favour throws
Thou knowest not the weighty Care
These often in their Bosoms bear;
Look round about the World, and see
How many much more wretched be:
Thus thou maist spend thy Days in Peace;
And Death at last shall give the Ease.

But

But if ſo be thy *Fortunes* riſe,
o not the Poor and low deſpiſe.
e Courteous, generous and free;
Noble, but not 'bove thy Degree;
rom greedy carking Care refrain,
e frugal and from Waſte abſtain:
njoy what Providence doth ſend,
e faithful too, oblige thy *Friend*:
e ready to relieve the poor;
ontent with what thou haſt, no more
eſire; what Providence doth give,
hink beſt, and 'cording to it live:
I dare not uſe what I have,
m only to my Wealth a *Slave*;
nd if in Riot I abuſe it,
is but fitting I ſhould loſe it,
Thou the middle Way doſt ſteer,
nd doſt from both extreams keep clear,
hou need'ſt not fear Adverſity,
hou'lt happy live, and happy dye.

FINIS.